

Pay-Per-Post

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Pay-Per-Post

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

According to the date of the first post on the account, George had been running his OnlyFans for eighty-four days.

Eighty-four days. Two months and two weeks. Two thousand and sixteen hours, give or take.

George had kept this OnlyFans hidden from Dream for eighty-four days.

Notes

you know that one song, 'georgenotfound onlyfans'? it's pretty underground, you probably haven't heard it.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Pay-Per-Post

According to the date of the first post on the account, George had been running his OnlyFans for eighty-four days.

Eighty-four days. Two months and two weeks. Two thousand and sixteen hours, give or take.

George had kept this OnlyFans *hidden* from Dream for eighty-four days.

It probably would have stayed hidden for a lot longer than that if it wasn't for Sapnap. Karl had apparently helped George with some photos, and Karl had accidentally let it slip to Sapnap on one of their weird anime-themed dates. Pictures of George's plump ass had popped up on Karl's iCloud and that wasn't something that Sapnap could possibly ignore.

That meant that Sapnap *of course* had to get the link to the OnlyFans.

And he *of course* had to send it to Dream.

Dream thought it was a prank at first. George? Having a fucking OnlyFans? Give him a break. He thought the link Sapnap sent would send him to a Rick Astley music video, or maybe to a virus that would totally decimate his PC from the inside out. But no. It was real.

Like, very real.

It wasn't under George's name, of course. It was under a little '404 error message' moniker, with a little glitchy and distorted theme. That part was actually kind of cool. Dream had mad respect for that. He was a sucker for good art design. None of the photos on the header or in the base profile had his face in it. The only reason he even knew it was George was because of his pale skin, occasional little mole and his long, slender fingers.

The fact he could tell it was George from these little, mundane things was actually pretty embarrassing. He decided to repress that on the spot.

The fact that it was real was hard enough to think about. But George's bio took the air out of Dream's lungs. It had such mindblowing and interesting words such as 'anal', 'twink', 'flexible', 'fetish friendly' and 'femboy'. For a moment, Dream had forgotten what all those words even meant. Once it clicked, though? It *clicked*.

He subscribed under a secret account - for research, obviously - and spent the next few hours overanalyzing every photo, every video. He ended up scrolling back to the start of the feed. He even picked apart all the public comments and text posts. He ended up whipping out his own YouTube channel to compare the dates of every little thing he saw. He was building a timeline of the last eighty-four days, and he was freaked out by some of the results.

The day George had done his most recent zombie apocalypse video? He had worn a little skirt and filmed himself doing squats.

The day that Sapnap and George and Dream had stayed up all night forcing each other to edit? George had taken videos of his feet playing in shaving cream.

The day they filmed the most recent manhunt? Apparently, George had fucked his ass with a neon green tentacle dildo.

What was Dream even supposed to do with that information?

And why was he kind of turned on by it?

He didn't sleep that night, mainly because his palms were sweating and he couldn't help himself from constantly refreshing the OnlyFans feed to see if George had posted anything new. He did - he posted a photo of him in a new crop top at around four in the morning - so Dream was kept satisfied in the knowledge that staying up all night was the right thing to do.

Sapnap text Dream in the morning, joking around about pranking George or bullying him for his little side business. But Dream shut that shit down *very* quickly. It was all under the guise of support. He didn't want to make George upset for just exploring himself. He was obviously happy doing it. He didn't *need* the money, this was very much 'just for fun'.

Sapnap had reluctantly agreed not to tell George he knew. He was bitter about having to shelf all of his memes that he was ready to make. Meanwhile, Dream had reluctantly read through George's policy for custom content.

It was like Dream was on autopilot. He just felt emotionally naked while he was stuck in a position like this. But what kind of position was it? Well, he assumed it was the regular awkward position of finding out your best friend in the entire universe was a secret sex worker. But the more he thought about it, the more he spun around in his office chair and stared at the ceiling, he realized he was stuck in a different kind of position than he was expecting.

He was stuck in a position of power.

It was a unique kind of power. A type of power that not everyone got to feel. But he could have his best friend wrapped around his finger. And no, it wasn't because of blackmail or any kind of sick, twisted, fucked up thing he could do to ruin George's life. If anything, it was a power that could *benefit* George's life.

It was the power of money.

He reached out in messages that evening after a few shots.

fl0r1da_m@n: *hey. heard you do custom stuff. Yeah?*

The response took about an hour.

404.exe: *Yeah! :) The prices vary for what you want so I would have to hear what you want before I give any more info. But I'm down to do whatever basically! Just nothing in person or with another model.*

fl0r1da_m@n: *if i bought you some clothes, would you wear them?*

404.exe: *Yeah! Pics or vids?*

fl0r1da_m@n: *both.*

The negotiations were short and sweet. George wouldn't talk. He wouldn't show his face. But he would do a *lot* more, and he would send them privately to only Dream.

And it would only cost Dream a smooth three hundred pounds plus the clothes.

Honestly? That wasn't bad. Dream sent a one-hundred percent tip as icing on the cake.

Thanks to that tip, the first video Dream received the next week after the clothes arrived was George riding a pillow in his brand new tennis skirt. Then a video of George cumming on his chest, laying in his bed, staining the matching green shirt Dream had bought him.

Dream was left with a weird feeling in his gut after the transaction had been fully completed. He felt like a big fat liar. Even though, technically, he wasn't lying. If George asked who he was, he would say. If George wanted information, he would give it in a heartbeat.

So technically this was George's fault. He never asked for information. This *could* be seen as lying by omission on Dream's part. But Dream would more accurately describe this as George not vetting his clients well enough.

Dream was a big enough man to acknowledge how fucked up this kind of was. But he wasn't a big enough man to stop.

In fact, the next week, he sent George a brand new vibrator and a male corset. He received plenty of wank-material from both gifts. But he didn't watch any of those small little trinkets of media while he touched himself. He never did. He instead would hole up in the shower and jerk off to the idea of the *control*.

He jerked himself off at the idea of George agreeing with what he said, wearing what he said, going where he said to do what he said. It was the idea of what happened *before* all the videos. It was the fantasy of George putting on the skirt, knowing that this mystery man wanted him in it. It was the fact that George could get off in those clothes, cum for this mystery man that desired him.

George must feel desired. And that made Dream cum.

The next time he put in an order, he sent two packages and one thousand dollars. One was full of various thigh highs and panties. fl0r1da_m@n said he didn't want any pictures or anything of those. He just wanted a promise that George would wear them in his public work.

The second package was full of sweatshirts and shirts. They were plain, pastel blue, simple and nothing special. But they were soft. And fl0r1da_m@n said he didn't want any pictures of those, either. He just wanted George to have something nice. Something to help him know that fl0r1da_m@n was right there with him the whole time. Something to remind George daily that someone was ready to own him.

When Dream logged on discord the next week and saw George in one of the light blue hoodies, his stomach flipped. It fit perfectly, all soft and pretty against his skin. He was smiling, laughing - blissfully unaware that the man who bought him that hoodie was watching him right now.

"George finally got new clothes, eh?" Dream said after getting situated in the call.

"Just another thing for him to never wash until it gets crusty." Sapnap said, his smirk bleeding into his voice.

George scoffed. "No! I actually do my laundry! Unlike *some people!* "

"Was there a special occasion? Why the new clothes?" Dream pressed. He wanted to see if George would even joke about it, if he would even consider outing himself for one second.

But he didn't. "It's just a sweatshirt, calm down. Are we playing Bed Wars or not?"

They did play Bed Wars. And while they were playing, fl0r1da_m@n sent a message to George asking if he would wear a vibrating butt plug around for a day.

Jesus, Dream was falling fast and hard. There was no telling where he would land.

Dream realized there was no escape, no going back, when he was filming a video with George two

weeks later and George was whining and being more of a little bitch than usual. And he knew without an ounce of doubt that George must be wearing the plug, and that made him lose his mind with an explosion of painful arousal.

He left early and went to jack it in the shower.

He wanted to just keep going up from here. He just wanted to keep getting more. He wanted to keep *giving more*. He would drain his bank account for George in a heartbeat. He didn't have time to wonder if that was weird, or co-dependent, or if maybe he should get some therapy for his new and a little toxic hyperfixation. Oh, no. He was too busy spoiling the hell out of his best friend.

Just spoiling his best friend.

In secret.

Through a sex worker platform.

You know, like a normal best friend.

It all came to a head, though, on one fine morning where the OnlyFans website was being a bit laggy.

404.exe: *Hey! Sorry to be a bother, but it seems the payment on my end is glitching out? Would you be able to possibly Paypal me? I know it's out of the way so if that's too much, then we can just wait.*

fl0r1da_m@n: *give me the link. i'm not letting something that stupid stop me from seeing you.*

fl0r1da_m@n: *you're never a bother btw*

404.exe: *:) You're so sweet*

Dream paid without a second thought and then passed out from exhaustion.

He didn't hear anything from George's OnlyFans persona for exactly three days after that exchange. It was odd - George never took that long to do any kind of turn around. Especially since Dream had made it a habit of tipping in such an egregious manner. And Dream knew George didn't have anything else to do. No streams, no filming. George was kind of doing fuck-all. There was no reasonable answer to why Dream was being ignored, and it only made a pit of anxiety form in his stomach.

Like a pearl, that little speck of rejection and fear started to grow and crystalize. Dream was checking his messages every five minutes. He was like an addict with a nasty case of withdrawal. He *needed* his fix.

When he finally got the video sent to him, it wasn't through his OnlyFans DMs. It was actually his biggest fear come to life: he got it through his personal email.

The video setup was familiar. But this time, Dream could see George's face. With trembling hands, he pushed play on the video. The room was completely dark besides the blinding lights of his computer. And there, on the screen, illuminated in all his glory, was George perched on his bed.

He was surrounded by pillows, wearing nothing on his upper half. His hips were adorned with a tennis skirt, though. Seemingly, there was all he was wearing.

Dream felt the urge to vomit.

George sat back on his hands, the comforter bundling under his palms. "I know who you are." The words left his pink lips and dripped into Dream's ears like poison.

"Hey, Dream." George said.

Dream felt his heart drop into his stomach. No. No, no, *no*. How was this even happening?

"You forgot that your PayPal has your name on it. You know that, right?" George shifted around on the bed, his bare legs looking smooth as silk on top of his comforter. "It has your email and your full fucking name. You used your actual account. Was that on purpose? Did you want me to see?"

He swallowed hard. Idiot. He was an idiot. He was the biggest dumbass in the entire universe. And now he was about to get his ass handed to him. He ruined his friendship just for a little bit of a kinky power trip.

That's so fucking humiliating.

"You didn't have to go through all the trouble, Dream."

Oh. Or not.

"If you wanted photos, you could have just asked. You could have just talked to me." He cocked his head and narrowed his eyes. "Or did you want me to not know? Did you get off on me not knowing?"

What was the right answer? Yes or no? What was the *honest* answer?

"Well, now I know. And I think I deserve an award for all my hard work. Right?" George cocked an eyebrow. His gaze was like razorblades through the PC screen. "So let's give me an award."

Dream just nodded. "Okay." He found himself muttering. His face must be bright red. He felt like he was radiating off heat. He was nailed to his seat by the raw *power* in George's eyes.

"The first thing I want you to do is listen very, very closely." George adjusted himself on the bed, leaning forward on his arms. "I want you to do every single thing I say. I'm in charge. No arguing. No leaving. No pausing. No deleting this video. Okay?"

Dream nodded.

"If you didn't give a verbal response, I want you to start answering me outloud. Starting now. Okay?"

"Okay." Dream said.

George brought a hand up to trace gentle circles across his collarbones, over his throat and across the top of his chest. It was rhythmic, steady, hypnotic. Dream's green eyes followed it like a pendulum. It lulled him into a dream-like sense of safety before George spoke again. "Undo your pants. Take out your dick."

No time was wasted before Dream followed the command. As he undid his own pants, George reached down and pulled up at the edge of his skirt until the edges of his lacy panties were showing. They were the blue ones, the ones Dream had bought months ago but hadn't ever seen.

He had only heard about them. But now, they were here and they were peeking out from under the white skirt.

Dream's hard-on rested through the slit in his jeans, already flushing red at the tip. He could see George's member outlined on the fabric of the panties, obviously in a similar state. It was pressed against the lace, a small dime-sized wet spot exposing exactly how hard George's cock was.

Had George thought about this for a while? Was he turned on by being above Dream like this? Was he turned on by *winning*?

"You aren't allowed to touch yourself until I give you permission." George lifted the skirt higher, the entire image of the panties against his pale skin on full display. The shade of blue of the lace was cool. It made his skin look like snow. It emphasized the blush on his thighs and hips. "Okay?"

"Yes." Dream said. He balled up his hands to prevent himself from failing instantly.

George laid back to rest on some of his pillows, his body perfectly angled for the camera. This was a pose Dream had seen before - in videos where George fucked himself raw.

"How did you feel when you first found my page? You must have liked what you saw. You seem to have stuck around for quite a while." George spread his legs. That's when Dream noticed the panties were a thong. "Did you think about my photos when we talked? When we gamed together? Did me not knowing make you so fucking hard?"

"Yes." Dream nodded. "Yes, it fucking did."

"Did you get off to my photos?"

Dream shook his head. All those photos, all those videos - not one time touching himself. He would watch them like he would watch TV. He didn't need the material. He needed the power. He *craved* it.

"Did you show them to anyone? Did you brag?"

Dream would never. They were *his*. George was *his* in those moments.

"I bet you didn't. You're a prideful little shit." George chuckled to himself. His hands started to trace hearts on his milky thighs. They would look beautiful over Dream's shoulders. "I bet you loved having a little piece of me, trapped on your phone. Yeah? You want me all to yourself, yeah?"

"Of course I fucking do." It was getting harder to not move. Harder to not take care of himself.

George started to stroke himself through his panties, the wet spot in the fabric slowly growing. His cheeks, thighs and stomach started to blush deep pink. His skin was the color of watermelon candy. It probably tasted just as sweet. "Do you see this, Dream? Do you see how hard I am? You did this to me. You and your secret little bullshit love affair with '404.exe'? When I saw your email and realized it was you, I fucked myself for an hour just thinking about all the things you asked me to do. All the things you're *into*. You have a dirty little mind. What a shame that it was wasted for so long. *You* could have been the one that fucked me, Dream. You could have had me a million times over by now."

"Please." Dream's hands were twitching, tapping on his armrests, stimming in a desperate attempt to not touch himself. His cock was weeping with precum.

George lifted his legs and slipped off the panties in one elegant motion. He tossed them aside then returned to his previous position, where his hard length was in full view. He took a bottle of lube from his side and squirted it over his tip. He winced and blushed from the feeling. That was almost enough to finally shatter Dream's fragile composure.

He started to work himself, with long slow strokes, his long fingers knowing exactly how to make himself squirm. He had done this on camera for enough people - he knew his body. But Dream could tell there was something different about it this time. It was less about finishing, less about the show. The camera was actually the last thing on George's mind.

It was all about who was behind the camera. It was the mental image of Dream, sitting with his huge cock out, bathing in the glorious conquest that proved that George was his. George could see it in his mind, and Dream saw that on his face. Even in this little pre-recorded video, Dream could see that George was all for him.

"Dream..." George managed to whine out between panting breaths. "Touch yourself. Keep time with me, don't stop fucking looking at me."

Dream did as he was told. "You're so fucking beautiful, you're so fucking pretty." Dream muttered under his own moans as he finally started to relieve himself. It was hard to keep pace with George - his hand and cock were so small compared to Dream's, it was like a lion trying to keep pace with a little rabbit. But he managed, even if it was absolute torture.

"Tell me to do more. Tell me to touch myself for you!" George said.

"Fuck yourself for me, beautiful."

As if George could actually hear him he used his other hand to tease his entrance, his head falling back.

Dream was going to explode. His brain matter was going to end up all over the wall.

George started to pick up the pace, finally, and his whining noises of pleasure only got louder and louder. They encouraged Dream, pushed him on. He didn't realize it, but he was making his own growls and loud groans. They sounded feral together, like wild animals howling into the night. If anyone heard them, they might have called the cops.

Their hands moved in tandem, again and again and again, brushing over every inch of their lengths until they both came at the same time. George's thighs were splashed with his cum, and Dream's pants were utterly ruined. They both were catching their breaths for a few beats before George sat up. He swayed a little, then stumbled forward to the camera. He was blissed out, a stupid little smile on his face as he leaned in to turn off the camera. "Dream? When you're done? Call me."

Then the screen went black.

He waited five minutes for whatever miniature panic attack he was having to calm down before finally picking up the phone and hiding under his covers.

George picked up on the first ring. "Hey!" He said, a bit too quickly and a bit too loudly.

That made Dream feel an ounce better. It was proof that George was just as freaked out as he was. "Hey." He responded, more breathy and more hesitant.

"You got my email then?" George asked.

“Yeah.”

“Well.” George said. “So, I guess we should talk or something.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re my best friend. I’m going to want to remain your best friend. And then some. So that means we have to talk.”

“I guess.” Dream rolled his eyes. The burn of shame started to take over his cheeks. “So...is this the talk?”

“Of course.” George said. “And first, above all else, I want you to know that I don’t hate you.”

“Why is that the first thing?”

“Because I know you.” George said softly. “And I know how your brain works, and I know you would think that I hate you. But I don’t.”

“Oh. Well. Thanks.” Dream said.

“I’m going to block you on OnlyFans, though. I’m sure you understand why.” George said.

Dream sighed. “Yeah, I deserve that one.”

“But you won’t need it anymore.” George said. He said it so casually that it almost didn’t make Dream’s heart stop. “You have my number, afterall. FaceTime exists. You have discord. We don’t need to resort to fucking with my hobbies anymore, yeah?”

“I guess so.” Dream chuckled. He shook his head, incredulous. “How are you so chill about this? Dude, I really thought I was fucking up.”

“Then why didn’t you stop?”

He faltered. “I...I couldn’t.”

“Well, that’s kind of a dick move.” George’s smirk could be heard through the phone. “But you know me, don’t you? You know how we are.”

Dream did. He really did.

“So, look. Stop being a dick. Stop sneaking around. And just be a man about wanting to see me naked.”

“Done and done.” Dream said. “Scout’s honor.”

“Lovely. Now, that being said, I would love some extra cash to get some lunch tomorrow.”

Dream perked up. “Yeah?”

George laughed. “Well, this is the part you liked, yeah? You never sent me a dick pic back, so I’m assuming it wasn’t just the sex shit. So send me money for lunch, and we’ll call it even for the day.”

Dream sent the money over CashApp. He got a shirtless pic back - through his texts this time.

He didn't know where exactly this was going. He didn't know how this was going to end. But he decided that the ride was fun enough that he didn't care where he landed.

End Notes

I have a twitter, georges_socks. I guess I'm in this now.

Works inspired by this [One](#) [OnlyForDream](#) ♥ by [WilBroScout](#)

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